

THE COMPANION.

No. XV. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1823.

"Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only
to be found, in a friend."—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

MISCELLANEOUS INTENTIONS OF THE COMPANION.

Owing to illness and other circumstances, the Companion has hitherto been unable to effect the main part of its design; which was to keep an eye upon what is going on in the world, and talk upon any subject whatsoever which liberal observers discuss over their tables. We observed in our Prospectus, that the two main topics of the weekly press are politics and the theatre; to which have been lately added specimens of new publications, and more lately, reviews as well as specimens: for, in the former instance, the dull rogues had a sufficient instinct of self-preservation to avoid committing themselves with much of their own. The town, therefore, have enough at present, in a regular way, of politics, and theatricals, and new books: and upon none of these was it part of our intention to expatiate more largely, than the feeling of the moment should excite us. We only reserved a right, as we still do, to say as much or as little of them, as we please. Some old readers encouraged us to say more than we intended, of the

theatres; and this seduced us into late hours, and suppers, and other pleasing enormities, very much to the joy of our hearts, but not at all so to that of our livers; and these being a very resentful part of the human body, and our weakness (if the critics must know it) lying on that side, we have been obliged to eschew the theatres as a general thing; and to go to bed and get up again, like good, middle-aged boys; and so quiet this inconvenient mystery, the liver; which like an over-conscientious dog at one's side, bites his very master if he does not behave himself.

Adieu then, except at rare intervals, dear, delightful Pasta, with your face of truth, and your heart full of song! If we were a sovereign prince, we would have you sing to us every evening; and light up our belief in truth at your eyes; and ask you, as a particular favour, not to get fatter.

Adieu, wet nights, and hackney-coaches; and playbills, pleasing to be pestered with; and the gallant English pit, so ready to take clap-traps to themselves, and keep seats from the women; and the music between the acts at Covent garden; and Mr Kean's *Othello*, the finest piece of acting we ever beheld; and "Had it pleased heaven," &c. the finest speech in it, which we intended to hear again; and that very disagreeable piece of wit, the *Critic*, which we intended to go and see at Drury lane, because there is Mathews in it in *Sir Fretful*, and Liston (who if he does not bestir himself, will make himself as melancholy with his fat, as he makes others merry with his face), and Mrs Orger, a natural actress, born, if we mistake not, to be as full of truth and good-humour, with that genial smile of her's, as her *Tilburina* is said to be full of humour sophisticate.

And adieu, pleasing deteriorators,—things impossible not to take after the theatre,—to wit, suppers, with your fire poked up, and your evening just "begun again," and the faces that shine in your lustre; sweet runners into the night, but slayers of next morning;—love you we must, but afford you we cannot. The little eyes are fast asleep, which we must resemble, or not look at. To some other belongs the happy lot of being

— The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

—And our infirmities, not being mortal at present, we must not render so without special warrant less pleasurable.

And therefore, last not least, adieu also, watchmen!

Farewell, the tranquil box! Farewell, "good nights:"
Farewell, your drowsy stoop; and the big coats
That make you so much lumber.

To frequent the theatre is not in our bond: night-time we have not undertaken to illustrate; but all the rest of the world is before us, from six in the morning: and then we dine, and are the reader's humble servant for any topic of conversation with which books, or newspapers, or town and country, can furnish us. We do not mean to give up our old books. The spirits in them would leap out of their shelves at us, if we did: at least we hope so. But new books will be welcome, if good; and plenty of extraordinary things are always occurring. There is the 'Roué' for instance; or Don Miguel, who means to be one before his time; or Vesuvius, which has conveniently broken out for us; or the ground which lately became inflammable, like an author's head, "after boring for salt;" or the subterranean whispers which have lately frightened the Durham people; or the horse in flower, who has six legs, and is budding two more; or "respectable" people, going about picking and stealing, out of pure want of ideas, and inability to have but one at a time; or the Greenwich holidays; or the Hyde Park holidays; or the correspondence between Mrs Diana Beaumont and my Lord Howden, in which his Lordship seems to understand well the sympathy between those apparently remote places, and says, he "cannot bring himself to consider" the consequences as "an inexpiable offence;" only he thinks it would be insane in a man to be lively in the vicinity of Diana.*

* "We extract," says the Examiner, "from the report of an action for slander (Northern Circuit) two letters curiously illustrative of the character of polite morals. The first is from Mrs Beaumont, the convicted offender, against whose husband a verdict was found for 1,700*l*. Mrs Beaumont, by virtue of her name of Diana, takes cognizance of a certain alleged incontinency in her agent, the plaintiff, Mr Horsington; and here we have to remark on a curious point in morals, namely, that the gravamen of his sin seems to have been entirely geographical. The *corpus delicti* was what the lawyers would call the *venue*. Mrs Beaumont clearly indicates that such is the main substance of the grievance

We are mistaken if the following remarks, in the *Atlas* newspaper, upon a criticism of Sir Walter Scott's, are not by the same hand. We know not whether we are trenching on any newspaper delicacies; and whatever might be thought to the contrary from our own connexions, are really not aware whether the author has any regard for ourselves; nor did we ever so much as see him; but unless somebody here has been catching his style, he is the only prose author (now writing) whom we look upon as a man of wit in the good old sense of the word,—and who makes us laugh. Elia, it seems, will write no longer, though we have not given up all hopes of his throwing in an eleemosinary joke or so to this our Companion. Mr Hazlitt makes us think and feel; puts our faculties to the utmost; and renders dishonest critics and politicians very contemptible: but he is not a man of wit, nor does he make us laugh for laughing's sake. Sir Walter Scott (and we have now named the only three writers to whose volumes we are in the habit of turning, for the pleasure of reading them again and again) can paint humorous characters, at which we laugh; but neither is he a man of wit; his sentences do not tell after the manner of Swift and others; his ideas are not laughable, unconnected with the whole history of a man's character and behaviour: they are not happy in themselves and from immediate juxta-position; and indeed he abounds as little as any man in quotable sentences, whether serious or comic. There is perhaps no man of genius that ever wrote (unless it be Smollet) from whom you can less extract mottos or pithy sayings: and the reason is, that he is nothing except as a painter of what has gone before him, and a writer of narrative. He is a

in her letter; and Lord Howden, a tolerant nobleman enough, in his reply concurs so completely in the sentiment as to say, '*Situated as the world is, and with so much of the same going on in every direction, among the very highest as well as those of an humble class, I cannot bring myself to consider it as an inexpiable offence; but had he done what you suspected that he had—brought and fired the person in your village, as it may be said at your very door, I should, as you did, have deemed it a crime and an insult not to be pardoned—an act of insanity scarcely to be conceived.*'

"From this position we may arrive at some mathematical conclusions in morals. The crime in question increases in direct proportion to its propinquity to the great lady's house. At her door it is unpardonable; a league off, the way of the world. It is thus, according to two exalted authorities, argued as entirely a matter of topography, and the degree of peccability is regulated by the distance from the mansion of the mistress of the estate."—*Rationale of Polite Morals.*

very great novelist; a very mediocre poet; and to our thinking, no critic at all. He is so great a man in one way, that he cannot but interest you in any. Let him talk ever so wide of the mark, he talks agreeably; but his criticism, we think, is nothing but agreeable talking, and that of nothing new. He lives entirely in the past; and cannot think, feel, or hope anything, that is not made up of the great mass of conventionality; the very shadow of which haunts and holds him in like a talisman; so that he cannot laugh but there is something melancholy at the bottom of it; nor feel anything but the anger of timidity and hopelessness, at those who seek for an enlightenment of the darkness. It is curious to find him, in the passage here criticised, expressing his opinion, that mankind at large—the inhabitants of his “vale of blood and tears,” (as he has called it)—are more sensible of the comic than the pathetic. We should fancy there was more at the bottom of this mistake, than appears at first sight; but it is only one of the sure and certain errors which he commits, when he undertakes to be critical. He has been taking some other mistake for a principle to go upon, and made an erroneous deduction accordingly. It would be enough for him, for instance, to consider that Molière was more popular in the world at large than Racine; and from this circumstance, as if Racine and pathos were the same thing, because there are pathetic things in that author, he would conclude that comedy is more popular than tragedy.—But to our extract.

“Sir Walter Scott, in an article on Molière, in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*,” says our pleasant critic, “affirms that ‘the sense of the comic is far more general among mankind, and far less altered and modified by the artificial rules of society, than that of the pathetic; and that a hundred men of different ranks, or different countries, will laugh at the same jest, when not five of them perhaps would blend their tears over the same point of sentiment. Take, for example, the Dead Ass of Sterne, and reflect how few would join in feeling the pathos of that incident, in comparison with the numbers who would laugh in chorus till their eyes ran over at the too lively steed of the redoubtable John Gilpin.’

“It may be conceded that ‘a hundred men of different ranks and different countries will laugh at the same jest, when not five of them perhaps would blend their tears over the same point of sentiment’—simply because

it is not the habit of men to indicate their sensibility by tears, and it is their habit to manifest their mirth by laughter. The test proposed is therefore a false one. *Newspaper editors indeed 'shed a tear' over the distress of Ireland, and the ravages of Greece, or the troubles of Portugal; but we are aware of no other class of men who make a boast and parade of their larmoyant propensities; and we have considerable doubts whether the said editors are as good as their word when they make these shed-a-tear professions. For this we can vouch, speaking from some experience, that we never caught one of them in the act of weeping over the woes of the world when composing; and we have often wished them to inform us of the opportunity they take to drop their tear.*—We use the word in the singular, as the newspaper establishments in their collective capacity (expressed by the *we*) only club a tear.

“So much for the test of weeping.

“The example we consider as faulty as the test. Few may, we grant, join in feeling the pathos of the incident of the Dead Ass in Sterne, while many will laugh in chorus at the performances of John Gilpin; but will this observation tend to prove that the comic is more generally apprehended than the pathetic? Are we quite certain that the Dead Ass of Sterne is as true to the pathetic as the adventures of John Gilpin are to the comic? Our own opinion is, that genuine pathos will be felt by a greater number of persons than genuine comedy, and naturally with increased intensity. In youth, tragedy is preferred to comedy; and it is only as we acquire knowledge of the world that our delight in tragedy gives place to a relish for comedy. Of the million who live, and breathe, and see, and hear, without acquiring this knowledge, or acquiring only a slender portion, the large majority retain their admiration for tragedy. Ask the vulgar which they prefer, a tragedy or a comedy, and we are persuaded that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the answer will be tragedy. We are ready to concede to Sir Walter Scott his Dead Ass; we admit that John Gilpin will ride triumphantly over it; and we think that if he meets Maria washing on the road, he will prove too much for her also, and her pocket-handkerchief to boot; but we will match Le Fevre against even John Gilpin—and here is the less doubtful pathetic placed in comparison with the true broad comic.

“From his portable form, Gilpin has an advantage which is scarcely fair over most prose instances; but, in his own metrical lists, we would pit against him, as a candidate for popularity, the ballad of the Babes in the Wood.

“Sir Walter Scott has, we think, erred in his comparative estimate of

the sensibility to the pathetic and the comic, from attaching an undue weight to the outward indications. Men generally feel pathos more than they choose to express it, and express more mirth than they feel. The indication of deep feeling is repressed as a weakness, while that of merriment is rather volunteered as a sign of good humour. For this reason, independent of other reasons of equal force, we may, as Sir Walter says, find a hundred men to laugh together at a joke, while it is almost impossible to beat up two or three Billy Lackadays to blend their tears over the same point of sentiment. Weeping is, however, not the test of sensibility."

This is a long extract for our small work ; but our Companions must imagine we are reading it to them at table. It is not the first time. The " other reasons of equal force," which are numerous, we shall endeavour to supply in a future article; unless we can get a friend of ours, a true critic, and of the first order, to do it better. Sir Walter has forgotten, among forty other things, that comedy itself is founded in manners and sophistications, and is the greater in proportion as it illustrates some contradiction to what is natural; whereas the pathetic has to do with the whole circle of humanity, in savage nations and civilized, and in the shape, not only of sorrow and mortality, and every tragic experience that is common to us, but of hope, and even joy, and everything *beyond* the artificial.

THE ROUÉ.

[The title of Roué by the bye is surely a mistake,—meaning rather a worn-out old libertine, broken on the wheel of his *bonnes fortunes*, than a young one in full possession of it.]

WE have got among the good things of our neighbours this week, and know not where to leave off. This comes of reading the papers. We only wish we had nothing to do but to make extracts every week, and comment upon them. We quote the following passage however from one of the above newspapers, to object as well as agree. The writer praises the new novel for its " intellectual vigour and literary mastery," but thinks it dangerous. Now there is surely no literary mastery in it. It is constantly missing the word proper to

be used, and is even full of mistakes in grammar. We particularly allude to the repetition of the conjunction *that*. But the author is a very shrewd, and for all the pains he has bestowed on his libertine hero, we should think a very good-hearted observer. He writes with great dash and animal spirits, pouring out cleverness and common-places in abundance, like good or bad wine, no matter which, so that the stream flows on; and by no means loses sight, as he goes, of the claims, the virtues, and (though he hardly dares to say as much to himself, or perhaps would think it wise in his generation) of the hopes of humanity. We thank him for his picture of Mrs Tresor, whom that clever fool of a fellow, his hero, might have loved to so much better purpose. And poor Fanny Pearson, the reckless and bloated wanderer in the streets, once all that was lovely! His account of her is in the innermost part of the heart of tragedy, and well and manfully done. He minces nothing loathsome, in his zeal for a cure; for though he sees no cure after the ordinary fashion, we are much mistaken if he is altogether without hope for one of a better sort, and if the object of his book is not to hint as much. At all events we are sure there is nothing dangerous in it. "The idea," says the critic we have just alluded to, "of a man who bends all the attraction of a fine person, and powers of a highly-cultivated mind, to systematic seduction, is anything but a new conception; but it is dealt with very forcibly in the present instance, and the work being written with a perfect knowledge of the world of fashion of the day, *will succeed much better than it ought to do.*"

"Yet," he continues, "it makes its villain the victim of his own selfish treachery after all, but not exactly in the right way to operate beneficially, nor in fact correctly as to verisimilitude. However flauntily and triumphantly the general seducer may carry it, sooner or later in his career he is sure to find, on striking the balance, that in real happiness he is a loser. How frequently does he discover that his victim has fallen a sacrifice to vanity rather than love; how often, with all his skill, is he made a dupe, and played upon by female artifice in return! What thorns often attend on the stupid *éclat* in which his vanity so much delights! The late Sir

Francis Blake Delaval, the friend of Foote, was very eminent for his success in this way ; and dying nearly in the prime of life, he declared, on his death-bed, that nothing had been more heartless and unsatisfactory than his multiplied amours, and that he was as often the deceived as the deceiver, and a frequent dupe of the most vain and selfish coquetry. We would have our ' Roué ' punished this way rather than by the resentment of an injured husband, because we shrewdly suspect that almost all practised seducers do thus suffer in some stage or other of their progress."

This is very true ; and the instance of Sir Francis and his " sweet experiences " is excellent. Gallantry is in general nothing but vanity from beginning to end. But our author's hero is not happy, even when he appears to be most so ; nor do we conceive it is intended that the reader should think him happy. To be happy and to be heartless at one and the same time, is luckily not possible in this world, further than the mere possession of health (which we allow is much) can console a man for the greater degree of enjoyment which he would realize by its union with a good heart. And herein we take to lie the secret of these gay deceivers, and something which their historians are too apt to leave out of the question, to the detriment of their shrewdness, and the great loss of the reader ; and that is,—that the power to go ranging about in this manner, seducing or intriguing, arises from nothing in general but the natural thoughtlessness of youth and good-health, mixed with a great deal of the vanity aforesaid, and little imagination. If it survive the period of youth, it is a habit, and a very uneasy one ; and is obliged to vindicate itself by that identical ill opinion of man and woman-kind, which pollutes its pleasures (such as they are) when it gets them. Very intellectual seducers (such as our author's hero is intended to be) we have no faith in ; unless by some preposterous chance their intellectual faculties lie on the side of geometry and the mathematics ; for imagination, with all its warmth, is allied to conscience ; having a tendency to dwell upon its ideas ; and to suppose every possible case, both of pain and pleasure, especially when no longer young. Poets, for this reason, who are accounted at once the most amorous and imaginative of men, have been famous for their

long and individual attachments:—we do not mean rhyming trenchermen, such as Milton speaks of; but poets like Milton himself,—Petrarchs and the Spensers of old. The poorer the imagination, the more it stands in need of the excitement of novelty; and for a similar reason, the more conscious the mental weakness, united with bodily activity, the more it seeks a supply of power and self-estimation in shabby triumphs and imaginary success.

We should be glad if the author of the 'Roué' would give us another novel, with an eye to this view of the subject. And pray let him give way as much as he likes to his pleasant after-dinner style, (omitting only those other illegitimate conjunctions we spoke of), and shirk no matter whatsoever that gentlemen can speak of, lively or tragic, not forgetting the most unfairly treated of all the unfairly treated sex; and he will make another set off, not of the least important description, to the selfish efforts of the conventional. But if his book be a tragedy (which we hope it need not, whatever tragedies it may contain) he must not conclude it with an *Oh!* *Oh* is a very good conclusion sometimes, as well as convenient; but not in tragedy. He remembers the mishap of Thomson in the famous line of Sophonisba—

Oh Sophonisba! Sophonisba Oh!

This would have been very well, had Sophonisba been a pretty milliner, startling some bachelor with a pin; but formally written down as a climax, it will never do seriously, especially where it is stamped upon us by those two official words "The End;" and we find moreover that it has been printed for us "by A. J. Valpy," in "Red Lion court." The best specimen of a terminating *Oh* which we ever met with in print, is in a little poem by Fenton. This article shall be concluded with it by way of a little bit of farce after our tragedy. It is on his First Fit of the Gout. On turning to it, we find that the explanation is not at the end of the poem itself, but only of a paragraph. However, it is in point so far; and at all events, is very fit for table recitation.

ON THE FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT.

WELCOME, thou friendly earnest of fourscore,
Promise of wealth, that has alone the power
T' attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor.
Thou that dost Æsculapius deride,
And o'er his gally-pots in triumph ride ;
Thou that art us'd t' attend the royal throne,
And under-prop the head that bears the crown ;
Thou that dost oft in privy council wait,
And guard from drowsy sleep the eyes of State ;
Thou that upon the bench art mounted high,
And warn'st the judges how they tread awry ;
Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's toe
Emphatically urge the pains below ;
Thou that art ever half the city's grace,
And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace ;
Thou that art us'd to sit on ladies knee,
To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea ;
Thou that are ne'er from velvet slipper free ;
Whence comes this unsought honour unto me ?
Whence does this mighty condescension flow ?
To visit my poor tabernacle, O—!

As Jove vouchsaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis said,
At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed ;
Pleas'd with the poor but hospitable feast,
Jove bid him ask, and granted his request ;
So do thou grant (for thou 'rt of race divine,
Begot on Venus by the God of Wine)
My humble suit !—And either give me store
To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.

TRIP TO LANGUEDOC AND PROVENCE.

(CONTINUED.)

THE entrance to Montpellier is through the great street of the Perfumers, where you would fancy yourself in the shop of Martial ; and yet

Though this pretty place refines
A perfume beyond our's,
The country round it, rich in vines,
Never produces flowers.

This street, full of odours, conducts to the great square, where the best hotels are to be found. Conceive our astonishment at seeing before one of the doors

A crowd, composed of few or no men,
But for the most part, of old women !
The clack was fierce ; and midst the clack
You heard the name of d'Aubignac.
" God grant he had but taken me !"
Cried an old crone of seventy ;
" I would have taught him, what it was
To steal old women, by the mass."

You will believe our curiosity was excited. Besides the crowd below, all the windows were open, and filled with people of condition. A gentleman of the place, whom we recognized, invited us into the hotel, where we learnt, that a young Chevalier D'Aubignac had run away that morning with an old lady, and that horsemen had been sent in pursuit of him. The old lady lodged in the hotel with a brother of her's ; and what made the story a complication of wonders was, that besides having a pretty niece, she was not at all disposed to be run away with by Monsieur the Chevalier, but was seen to resist as he forced her on horseback. Furthermore, though a lively old dame, she is neither handsome nor rich ; whereas, the Chevalier is in fine condition. The young lady is ill in bed, hardly able to speak, because she thought the gallant in love with herself ! Here's a drama for you !

In the room where our friend introduced us, were a great number of ladies, the very politest, we understood, the most

accomplished, and the most witty in Montpellier. They were not however alarmingly handsome, nor very well dressed. But their little mincing ways, mixed up with an extraordinary plain speaking, and prodigious matters of discourse, made us conclude ourselves in an assembly of Montpellier *précieuses*.* Our appearance incited them to new efforts of the ridiculous; but it was country work after all, and a poor imitation of our Parisian marvels. They began with being very deep on the wits, to let us see what company we had fallen into, and how intimate they were in that quarter. Upon which there ensued a pleasant conversation.

Some said, that all the world must grant
Ménage was mightily gallant; †
Chapelain perhaps was somewhat antic;
But Costar—Oh, the least pedantic!
Then as for Monsieur Scudéri,
Who for engaging looks but he?
Rich, valiant, a delightful man;
And catch him badly drest who can.
His sister was a Venus: none
Deserv'd her, sure, but Péliçon.

They ran on, in the same manner, upon a number of others: and then from characterising their general merits, fell to criticising their works in particular. In Alaric and Moses, they saw nothing but judgment and conduct; in the Pucelle, nothing at all. The only thing they had a regard for in Sarracin, was the letter of M. de Ménage; and the preface of M. Pelisson was treated with ridicule. Voiture was even set down for a coarse fellow. As to romances, Cassandra was in esteem for the delicacy of the conversation; Cyrus and Clelia for grandeur of action, and the magnificence of the style. A thousand other things were said, more surprising than all the rest. On a sudden, a stir out-of-doors restored the subject of M. d'Aubignac. One of the ladies addressed another, who appeared to be *Precieuse* in chief:—

* Perhaps the modern word *Exquisite*, transferred to a female, and implying a romantic foppery in literary as well as personal pretensions, would very well answer to the *Précieuse* of Moliere and Chapelle. But there seems a violation of costume in not preserving the old word.

† The opinions here expressed are about as correct as if we were to say, that Dr Bentley was a man of fashion, Cowley, a buffoon, &c. In the subsequent passage, not having the original by us, we are not sure, from some blurs in our manuscript, that every work is referred to, as it should be.

"This d'Aubignac, my dear. Is he
The Monsieur d'Aubignac that writes?

Why, he has written poetry!

I've seen a thing of his—Stay, let me see—
Affrights, Invites, Delights—Yes, yes, Delights;
Beginning with Delights—Yes, that was it.
Why, he must be a wit."

"Undoubtedly, my dear," replies the dame:

"One of the wits, and has a monstrous fame."

Then turning to another lady, "Madam, I
Have seen his letters, seal'd by the Academy.

I have a list of all the members, Madam;

And he goes first; which shews that he must lead 'em."

Assuming then a still more serious air,
Dropping her sidelong head, and putting on

The perfect *précieuse* tone,—

"Is it not much to be deplored, my dear,
That all these members of the Academy,
All these fine gentlemen, the *beaux esprits*,
In love affairs, should have prodigious fancies?
I'm told, in Paris, that 'tis not uncommon,
To be quite shocking to the oldest woman,
Provided she sups late, and reads romances."

Such a furious desire of laughter seized us at this sally, that we were obliged to quit the place abruptly, in order to go and burst at our ease. We made for our hotel through the crowd; who cut a very singular figure. It was impossible not to see

In the old women and their faces
Strange attempts at airs and graces,
Though devoting to the rack
This irreverend d'Aubignac.

Some confessed, that, after all, the old lady was not so very old. Others averred, that she was too old by four or five years. Had it been under that mark, it would not have been so bad. Others said, that ten or a dozen years since, the young women would have torn a man to pieces for behaving so; but that the world was much altered, and that for their parts they did not see much difference now-a-days between young and old. In short,

Had this chevalier d'Aubignac
By his pursuers been brought back,
'Twas plain there would have been no rack
For the irreverend d'Aubignac.

We had not been a quarter of an hour in our hotel when a fresh

clamour made us look out of window. The pursuers of the fugitives had returned. A gentleman was haranging the crowd at the door of the house we had left; and all the younger part of his audience sent up shouts of laughter. In a word, it turned out that the father of the young lady, being a capricious old fool, had picked a quarrel with a good match of his own approving between d'Aubignac and his daughter, much to the chagrin of the old lady as well as the young: upon which what does the good old gentlewoman, but go to bed with a sick voice, and pretend to be the daughter; while Mademoiselle, as lively as the aunt, puts on the latter's clothes, and rides off with the chevalier on the same horse! They were observed, not without astonishment; but the adventure of the struggle was thrown in, with many others, for nothing. A letter was left for the supposed young lady, who took to her bed accordingly. In the course of a dozen minutes all the girls in Montpellier were mad with laughter. The old women did not know quite so well how to behave; but the vivacity of the aunt was, upon the whole, very much admired, and it was easy to see that the chevalier would have no trouble in securing his prize. We longed to be able to tell him of the disposition in his favour; but he was now at a good distance; so we contented ourselves with wishing him joy in a bottle of Avignon.

Somehow the confusion at Montpellier had made us restless. We stopped only a few hours; and then set off for Massilargues, talking all the way

Of the gallant d'Aubignac,
Now upon an easy track
With his fair one at his back.
She, old hooded, and young faced,
Went with arm about his waist;
And in lanes he sometimes kiss'd her,
And in highways call'd her sister.

Such were our thoughts, thought being free; and ours were disposed to give up none of their privileges. But about half a league beyond Montpellier, we met a gentleman who had seen the fugitives. Their object was to get into the Papal territory; for which

purpose they had got another horse, and given up the old lady's riding-coat. So there was an end of our romance. We arrived before night at the house of M. de Cauvisson, who laughed heartily at our adventure. He took care, with his good cheer and his good beds, to settle our fatigue, and make us fresh for next morning; when being at such a little distance from Nismes, we could not refuse ourselves the pleasure of going out of the road to see the aqueduct and amphitheatres, two glorious remains of antiquity, and in wonderful preservation.

Having finished to our heart's content with Languedoc, we pushed on for Provence by the great meadow of Beaucaire, whey they keep the fair we have all heard of: and at an early hour the same day we beheld the celebrated city of Arles, which conducted us over its bridge of boats from Languedoc to Provence. It makes a glorious entrance. Its fine situation has drawn together almost all the nobility of the district; and the women are all trim, pretty, and piquant! They patch however to an excess, and are too vain of it. We saw them all in the place we put in, behaving themselves mighty prettily with the gentlemen of the town, who are very well shaped. The ladies, though we had not the pleasure of their acquaintance, gave us an opportunity of accosting them; and we may say without vanity, that in the course of a couple of hours we got on considerably, not perhaps without creating a little jealousy. In the evening we were invited to a party, where our progress was still greater. For all that, we did not stop over next morning. Our road was very troublesome, lying across the great plain actually covered with stones all the way as far as Salon, a little town which has nothing to shew but the tomb of Nostradamus. We slept there, or rather lay awake all night, an actress in the next room chusing to lie-in of two little performers.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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